

# THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

“A little learning is a dangerous thing—

“Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring.”

WE consider it somewhat dangerous to sport with such opinions, as are contained in the following essay; but we present it to our readers, in hopes that some one will step forward to rescue *study* from the charge of *servility*. The task we believe will not be difficult. To exalt *genius* we do not consider it necessary that *study* should be humbled. The former seldom attains much splendour, but by the aid of the latter; and we think it ungrateful to degrade, or even to conceal the means, by which we attain eminence. There is a certain grandeur and majesty in *genius*, to which we are ready to pay due homage: but if to these, are added haughtiness, and a disposition to degrade the industrious, or even the *plodder*, she no longer commands the same respect. Erskine, the first of advocates, has very properly associated GENIUS with some mighty objects, thus:

“It is the nature of every thing that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular; and we must be contented to take them with their alloys which belong to them, or live without them. *Genius* breaks from the fetters of criticism; but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom, when it advances in its path; subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks, which are fattened on the soil which they fertilize in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger.

Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings, and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which, without them, would stagnate into pestilence.”\*

Genius is the happy gift of a few; the many can only attain the pleasures of learning by toil. Let us therefore encourage the diligent, and cherish his just hopes of distinction. The Editor of the Port-Folio, who leads the van of the American Belles Lettres Corps, calls *Literary Labour* “a coin which, though it does not shine so resplendently, perhaps wears better than *genius* itself.”

Mr. Easy,

The following Essay, which is an attempt to shew the insufficiency of *study alone*, to strengthen the intellect, unfold the *genius*, or establish the reputation of the votaries of science, was written by an ingenious young gentleman with whom I have long had the pleasure of being acquainted: if you deem it worthy a place in the Companion, please give it an early insertion. B.

“With various readings stor’d, his empty skull

“Learn’d without sense, and venerably dull.”

NO man, says the author of the Rambler, ever became great by imitation. With equal propriety it may be advanced, that no man ever became great by constant application. Study differs little from imitation. The former implies an attention to the *sentiments* of various authors; the latter to the *manner* of thought and expression of one alone. The task, however, of the imitator is generally considered servile and degrading, while the sedulous applicant is admired for his perseverance and respected for his learning. But if we consider the pernicious effects of the confinement that excessive study requires, and the listless-

\* Here we have the singular satisfaction of delighting our readers, by an extract from a law book, and may perhaps induce some of the twigs of the law, more frequently, to open books of that description,



ness and dependance of mind that it produces, we may reasonably disapprove of a practice which destroys all powers of observation and reflection, all strength of understanding and all the ardor of aspiring genius. He who has habituated himself to rely on others for mental nourishment, to receive with unqualified submissive acquiescence the opinions of another, soon loses all desire of exertion, and sinks into a torpid state of helplessness and dependance. His mind becomes passive, slavish and inactive; no longer self-supported, firm and original. The plodder may be compared to the workman who spends all his time and strength in accumulating materials, until age comes on, and deprives him of the power of using them and benefiting by his labour.

The natural weakness of our understanding and the variety of acquirements to be made, render it however necessary that we should improve ourselves by the labours of others. What mind could alone erect the extensive and magnificent systems of science which are now presented to our view. With a little labour the present generation may enjoy the advantages of those truths, for the discovery of which hecatombs were formerly sacrificed, and embrace in a few years the works of the lives of ancient philosophers, as the traveller quickly passes over those roads which thousands with difficulty had made through wildernesses and forests once barren and pathless, over marshes and waters which were before impassable and insecure. It is not however necessary to examine every little improvement in our course, but to take a general survey: not to attend to the work of every meaner laborer, but to consider the designs of the grand architect of the whole. It is not necessary, in the ocean of science, to paddle into every creek and explore the windings of every shore; We must content ourselves with the superficial observation of many things at a distance, and the knowledge of the nature and extent of the sea in which we sail. We must hasten to the end, and there by our exertions, strive to extend its limits for the benefit of those who follow us.

The indolence of mankind produces a fondness of ease and an aversion to exertion. Few are fond of the labour of thought, and the pleasure of enjoying the ideas of another incline us to that fascinating occupation. "To read is heaven." But he who reads incessantly reads in vain. His mind becomes incapable of thought and reflection. Its strength and elasticity is destroyed by the servility of study. All originality is lost; for how can he be original who has no ideas of his own? Learning may indeed be acquired; but what is knowledge without the power of applying it to some useful purpose? Shut up in his closet,

the plodding student devotes his time in devouring what he cannot digest, till his mind resembles the workshop of a Tailor, where shreds and patches, rags and pieces, the leavings of his customers lie useless in confusion. By his comments and annotations of old authors, he may perhaps at last get the reputation of a learned man, but certainly he will be considered a dull one. His works will "fall dead from the press." His fame, like his ideas, will be confined to the enclosure of his study, and his library will be the only monument he will leave to posterity of his learning.—The book-worm is a grovelling animal, that always crawls and cannot soar; always digging and buried among rubbish; it cannot stand erect in the open air.

We seldom see Genius stoop to the servility of study. It cannot bear restraint or controul. It is lively, wild and luxuriant; full of fire, vigor and confidence. It "creates and amplifies." Like the bee it seeks for flowers only, that it may extract the honey itself. It does not satiate itself upon the honey which others have made: but only learns from them how to produce it. How can Genius brook confinement, or how can it be confined without injury.

The disadvantages of study are fully illustrated in the observation, that the hardest students have seldom most brightly shone in Literature. Those in fact, who have attracted the most notice in the republic of Letters, were men of the world. Locke, Hume, Bolingbroke, and Swift, were statesmen and politicians. They read much, but read few Books. They recollected the maxim of an intelligent poet: "The proper study of mankind is man." They studied the book of nature, and acquired wisdom. Thus they erected monuments of their talents more durable than brass: while the student on the basis of his book-learning builds a fabric which soon dissolves, and "leaves not a wreck behind."



#### THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE IV.

'Twas on as fine a morning as ever blessed the year, that I accompanied Rario in a visit to the place of his nativity. This jaunt had long been in contemplation, and we now took the earliest opportunity of putting it into effect. The morning blushed indulgent on our expectations.

After clearing the suburbs, we stopped to look back on the city which we had just left—a thick smog almost hid it from our view—we compared it with the country before us, and felt thankful that we had been brest with dispositions to enjoy the contrast—We soon arrived where,



"The soothed soul to rapture springs,  
 "And soars sublime on Fancy's wings;  
 "While caroll hymns salute the ear,  
 "And beauty flies in swift career."

Every thing around us appeared in unison—the little birds on every bough felt the influence of the scene, and the anthem of gratitude resounded in glory of the great Creator—we will freely enjoy ourselves, said Rario, and as I am pretty well acquainted through the neighborhood, every house will be a home to us—Mrs. F—lives in our way, and there I will introduce you to the lovely EMILY, who will be eager to lead you through all the fairy groves and dells throughout the domain.

It was on this very spot, said Rario, suddenly breaking off, that I had a most curious adventure—which I believe I never told you of—some weeks ago, continued he, having a little business to execute a few miles from hence, as I was passing this thicket I observed a young lady of beautiful appearance walking slowly along, and apparently buried in deep contemplation—indeed so much so, that I passed close to her without being discovered. Her bonnet was drawn so close over her face as not to allow me a sight of it, and indeed at the time, I took little notice of the affair—until having done my errand, and passing the same place, my ears were greeted with the sweetest sounds they ever heard—the strains were melancholy and melodious, and I made out to distinguish these words:

I cull'd for him the sweetest flowers,  
 And bade him keep them for my sake;  
 He vow'd he would, and wish'd the powers  
 Of love, might blast his fairest hours,  
 If e'er ungenerous he this vow should break.

I listened attentively for sometime, in hopes to hear more, but the singing had ceased. You may well suppose, Leander, that I became interested. I hastened to the farther end of the grove, and had just time to observe the harmonist as she entered the back door of a house, which I will shew you after we have crossed yonder fence. And did you never hear who she was? asked I. No, answered he, I could learn nothing further than that a family had lately moved there from Pennsylvania, but from what part, or who they were, I could not understand. Come, cried he, as we leaped over the fence, I will shew you where the minstrel resides. It was a small building, and so surrounded with oak as just to be perceived from the place where we stood. Rario pointed out a path which he thought would most probably lead us past the back part of the house, and as it would cut off a considerable distance of the road, he should like, he said, provided I would accompany him, to reconoitre the mansion—as he

felt an uncommon curiosity to know what kind of people lived there, and whether there was a possibility of becoming acquainted with the fair one who had so charmed him a few weeks before. Will you go, Leander? O yes, answered I, any where you please; for to tell the truth, Mr. Easy, I had from Rario's description, some how, I don't know for what reason, become as anxious as himself, and felt as though I could have walked five miles out of my way for a sight of her.

But Rario, said I, as we were drawing near the house, I should not like them to catch us peeping—nor I neither, said he, but we can be looking at the garden, and should they even see us, our object will never be suspected. This way, said Rario, as she is fond of walking perhaps we may find her in the garden. As I live, cried he, flying past me, I hear her now!—Hurrying along as fast as the bushes would let me, I joined Rario, who by this time had got to the palings and was eagerly peeping through them. So you see her? asked I, almost out of breath, and my heart beating violently—see her! repeated he, and turning round, oh heaven!—look for yourself—I did so, and beheld in the object of our pursuit such a face, that I involuntarily exclaimed with Rario, oh heaven! and burst into a loud laugh; which, in spite of me, and the mortified looks of my companion, I could not suppress.

Here ended an adventure as full of disappointment as it was laughable. We waited not to see whether we had been observed, or whether my laughing had been overheard by the rural nymph; but with one consent precipitately steered our course towards the main road. In the name of common sense, cried Rario, who would think that ever voice and features were so contrasted! I'll be hanged, added he, if I would not go any time, five miles out of my way to avoid her—and—

Come, come, said I, interrupting him, you are too hard on the poor girl; you know she had not the fashioning of her own face, or I dare avow it would have been much more pleasing. I should not think so much of it, said Rario, had I not been so woefully disappointed; besides she might have shewn her face when I first saw her, and so saved us all this trouble, which I am certain if known, would render us a laughing stock to all the town—but come, let us forget her and think of Emily, for we are close by the house.

Notwithstanding Rario wished me to forget the subject, I could perceive in him every moment strong inclination to laugh, and frequently interrupted our conversation with "well, who could have thought it." But now Mrs. F's being in view, and having other things to think



of, we soon dropt it entirely, and hastened forward with the most pleasing anticipations.

Rario opened the gate, with all the freedom of an old acquaintance; but no Mrs. F. nor smiling Emily welcomed his approach. We heard the words "not at home, sir," with drooping hearts. Every smile which but a little while before had rested on Rario's countenance disappeared in an instant—where had they gone? and when would they return?—The servant said they had started the day before yesterday, but could not tell when they would be at home, as Miss Emily was unwell, and was going to travel for her health. Well then, replied Rario, I suppose you can give us some refreshment.

Is this not rather free, said I, as we rose up from regaling ourselves over a cold ham, &c. No freer than we would be welcome at all times, answered he; and were Mrs. F. or Emily here, instead of feeling any embarrassment, you would be invited by their smiles to think you had been acquainted with them all your life.

Give my respects to your Mistress and Miss Emily, continued he, turning to the servant, and tell them I will do myself the pleasure of calling on them soon—come Rario, another glass—almost six o'clock, and we have many a mile to walk before we get to our journey's end.

Having again set forward with spirits cheered by refreshment, and our limbs by rest, for a while we obeyed the impulse of our feelings, and gave way to the most extravagant follies. At times we ran at half-speed, or walked slowly along, just as our humours prompted—the loud and vacant laugh, the song and halloo, followed in course, together with every other ridiculous caper we could think of.

We anticipate thy sneer of contempt, cold moralist—and would wish to avert it. Know then, we had but just escaped from the toils of business in a noisy city—our souls were joyful, and our hearts glad—in admiring the beauties of Nature's fair work, we were filled with affection for each other, and with benevolence for every object around us, and expressed our satisfaction in the best manner we could. But as every thing of this nature quickly gives place to something more moderate, we soon relaxed into our former feelings, and began talking over the pleasures yet to come.

Rario dwelt with particular fondness, on the house, the orchard and fields where he had passed the first days of his life; and promised to shew me, on our arrival at one of the most beautiful spots on Deer Creek. Evening was approaching and the inhabitants of the wood were beginning

to seek their accustomed retreat, and to twitter a farewell to departing day.

What a lovely scene! exclaimed Rario, as we were descending into the bosom of a beautiful valley. A towering wood rose on each side—a little branch flowed peacefully on our left, and cheered us with its murmurs—the sun had disappeared behind the hills, and his last beams still lingering in the stream below, discovered a thousand variegated colours on the unruffled surface. It was truly calculated to inspire the most delightful sensations. Seating ourselves upon a jutting eminence, we for a time enjoyed this enchanting picture of creation. Rario observed, that were he to take any place as a description for fairy revelry, it would be this spot—for it appeared indeed as though

Here each night upon the green,  
Little elves to sport and play,  
By the wandering moon were seen,  
Tripping o'er the dewy way.

Night had insensibly stolen on us—we were aroused from our further meditations by the distant sounds of music—the strains were quick and appeared to proceed from different instruments. We arose, and soon gained an apple orchard, on whose border stood a wooden edifice.—Meantime the music grew more distinct and we could hear the sound of many voices—the nearer we approached the more clamorous they became, and frequent bursts of laughter denoted a happy party. Rario thought it could be no intrusion for us to join this assembly of happy mortals, especially when our situation became known to them, and proposed stopping. I jumped into the scheme in a moment—the company consisted of about a dozen lads and lasses, who immediately on our arrival amongst them kindly invited us to join their little circle. Upon our consenting, the timbrel and sprightly violin again awoke the night to musick—songs, dances, blind-man's buff and story telling composed the amusements of the night.—Here were assembled beings of all descriptions—the plain honest farmer, freed from his harvest-field garb and dressed in his best Sunday clothes, was seen enjoying his youthful days anew, and dispensing his innocent jokes to many a merry listener. The good-natured dame too trigg'd out in her cleanest cap and gown, was telling over the sport of former days, when she was alike young and mirthful. The blooming lass, healthful and elegant, the wishing yet timid swain of raw nineteen, languishing and fearful of offending, yet attentive to every movement of the fair one, while the bashful maiden, unconscious of his flame, alike suppress the feelings of her heart.

We were soon surrounded by old and young and bid to



select partners for the next set—Rario quickly supplied himself—as for me, I stood awkward enough—come young man, said the old lady, addressing me, don't you see they are waiting for you?—my dear madam, said I, I am extremely sorry that I cannot be a partner in this kind of amusement, but the truth of it is I cannot dance. Not dance! was vociferated from every mouth, while each seemed to wait with impatience for a contradiction of my assertion—I was mortified at being obliged to make this confession, and felt no way relieved at the repeated titterings of some of the girls, who with Rario, I could not help thinking appeared to enjoy my distress. However I plainly told them, which was the truth, that I had been so dull a pupil, as never to learn the art, and that I should only spoil their sport by attempting it now. This pacified them, and they once more resumed their glee.

Upon enquiry, we found there had been a wedding among them that evening, and that Philemon and his Miranda were at length made happy with each other—they had long loved, but from the poverty of the former, it had been doubted whether a union would ever take place, as old B—, the uncle and guardian of Miranda, was decided in his resolution of never suffering his niece to marry a “beggard,” as he stiled him, and although fortune had once smiled upon his family, yet that only made his objection the stronger, for he thought as the parents had been extravagant, the son, who had shared in it, was as likely to become so, and until he could bring the girl something more than a name, determined never to consent to their marriage. Death however had stepped in and freed them from all persecutions in this way—As soon therefore as decency would permit, they left the old gentleman to slumber quietly in his grave, and without any more delay the fair Miranda, rewarded with her hand and little property, the long suffering swain of her first affection. The young couple appeared quite happy, and as is generally the case with those who have already made their fortunes, advised the boys and girls to follow their example. We received an invitation to dinner the next day, which we had to decline, and thanking them all for the civilities shewn us, took our leave, and continued our journey.

LEANDER.

### A SCOTTISH TALE.

The storm grew more & more impetuous, & I now began, for the first time, seriously to repent my having valued the old woman's wholesome advice so slightly. She had earnestly requested that I would not attempt to cross the stu-

pendous mountains, upon whose barren heaths I now wandered in doubt and painful uncertainty, at least until I could have the light of day to assist me in my toilsome route.

But I was now too far on my way to think of returning, and, indeed, had I been so inclined, I was not able to trace back my footsteps through the darksome night.

The moon's pale lustre feintly streamed through transient openings in the heavy clouds, that thickened from the north, and rolled over the heaving billows of the ocean, which undulated its black expanse into the deep gloom upon my right, through which ever and anon, glared the quivering flame of far distant lightening, while the hoarse rumbling of remote thunder, growled in triumph over trembling nature.

The storm rolled onward, and the furious whirlwind raved amongst the forest oaks, and hurled aloft their mighty arms. The black pines that crowned the mountain's towering height with sable plumes, nodded o'er the rocks below, and frowned terrific on the gloomy scene.

Alone, and surrounded by contending elements, that seemed to convulse heaven and earth, I urged my steed to his utmost speed, and soon found myself upon the summit of a very lofty mountain, around which the northern blast blew fiercely keen, and whistled o'er the barren heath.

I was now upon one of the loftiest mountains of the Highlands of Scotland, and so gradual had been my ascent, that I was astonished to find myself suddenly elevated high above the dreadful storms which howled far below my feet, and exhibited a spectacle awfully sublime.

Above my head was a clear, but deep azure, bespangled with a countless multitude of stars, while amidst them all, the silver orb, that cheers the lonely traveller on his way, or lends her wan lustre to melting lovers, rolled in solemn majesty, proudly eminent. Far below my feet appeared a boundless chaos, that seemed to rend and tear the earth with horrid fury. It seemed as if I alone was to escape the hideous ruin of the universe, and was preserved by Almighty power to witness the final destruction of the world. The thunder appeared to rend the poles, and split the solid earth. The lightning, in streams of living fire, shot along the black bed of sulphureous clouds, and quivered through the lurid air, while an howling whirlwind drove furious from the north.

I had been so powerfully struck by the awful scene around me, that I had mistaken the road I was to pursue, and was now a benighted traveller upon a vast and trackless waste, without the appearance of any object to break



the dead sameness of the dreary prospect, or guide my search.

As I stood in a thoughtful mood, unknowing what to do, I imagined I beheld the tall figure of a man stalking along through the obscure distance, by the edge of a terrible precipice.

I immediately proceeded towards him, and as I drew near, he appeared suddenly to awake from a reverie, and making a dead stand, called out in a loud, commanding, yet sonorous voice, 'Who art thou, wanderer of the night? that dares the inclemency of the northren storms at this dread hour, and steals along the lofty mountain's brow?' 'A benighted traveller,' I replied, 'who has had the misfortune to lose his way, amid the darkness of the storm, and who is now searching for an habitation during the night.'

The stranger immediately drew near, and in the most courteous manner offered me his assistance, in conducting me down the steep of the mountain, to a small village that was situated in the valley below, where he said I should, most probably, be able to meet with accommodation at the little inn it contained; and should I be disappointed in that particular, he very kindly offered me a lodging in his own habitation, which was not far distant, provided I could put up with the poverty of his accommodation.

Having thanked him, in the warmest manner I was able, we proceeded down a narrow path that led to the valley below, and in a short time arrived at the village he had mentioned, and was soon directed to the little ale-house it boasted of as an inn.

I had no sooner informed the landlady that I wished for a bed, than she replied that the only spare one in her house had been previously engaged by a young officer, who sat in a small adjoining room, into which I was immediately conducted, followed by the stranger who had relieved me from the horrors of an exposure to the inclement night.

By the side of a cheerfully blazing fire, sat a genteel looking young man, in the uniform of an Highland grenadier, who rose on my entrance, and with all that warmth of genuine hospitality, for which the Highlanders of Scotland, even to the lowest orders, are so justly distinguished, begged I would not remove from the inn that night, as I was perfectly welcome to the use of his bed. But this generous offer I as positively refused as he insisted upon; 'till at length we could agree in no other manner, than a mutual resolution to spend the remainder of the night (which was now very far advanced) in the apartment in which we then were, and over a cheerful fire, pass

away that time in interesting conversation, which nature required to be employed in sleep.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of viewing the person and dress of the courteous stranger, whom I had met with in so extraordinary a manner; and never have I seen one in whom I felt so much interested upon the first sight.

He was very tall, of a commanding, and most exquisitely proportioned figure, that appeared no less elegant than vigorously robust, uniting great activity to uncommon muscular power. His hair was thick, black, and curling and so were his broad horizontal brows, that finely contrasted with the snowy whiteness of an expansive forehead. His large dark eyes flashed the keen fire of a vehement imagination, that seemed to be without bounds and without measure, but at times their black lustre melted into a softness of melancholy expression, whose meaning no words can convey. The rest of his features were in perfect harmony with those I have described, and a general expression of uncontrollable independence and uncommon mental power, spoke in every look and every gesture.

His dress was so extremely singular that I cannot pass it over in silence.

Upon his head he wore a large cap, made of fox's skins, from the top of which suspended a plume composed of the tails of those animals. Over a piece of black taffety, that surrounded his neck, appeared part of a check shirt, of very coarse cloth. He wore a short loose kind of jerkin, together with a waistcoat made of strong leather, which he afterwards assured me he had worn for many years, and had no doubt but that it would serve him in the capacity of a coat, for the remainder of his life. His trowsers were composed of the same durable materials, and upon his legs and feet he wore a pair of immense boots, having wide loose tops that turned downwards. Over his shoulders was cast a broad belt of untanned leather, from which was suspended a hugh claymore, or Highland broadsword.

Such was the singular garb of this interesting stranger, for whom I already felt so strong an attachment, that I ardently wished to learn his history; and I was not a little delighted, when he stepped forwards, and in the most polite terms, begged he might have the pleasure of remaining in our company during the night, not only from the motive that he might, in some degree, assist in alleviating the tedious hours we had to pass away before the morn, but he assured us that he so seldom met with any persons, in those wild regions, with whom he could hold any kind of converse, that nothing could give him greater pleasure



than an opportunity of passing a few hours in our company.

The young officer was not less eager than myself to testify our pleasure at this proposal, and having informed our hostess that we should not require her bed, and ordered into our apartment plenty of fire-wood, and good store of provisions, we surrounded the fire, and became so mutually pleased with each other, that the stranger, at my very earnest entreaty, consented to relate the principal incidents of his life; although he assured me, that he fervently wished the waters of oblivion could wash away all remembrance of the events of his past life, and wipe away scenes he could not bear to contemplate, without feeling an enmity toward all mankind, & hate that existence, which was given him to be as a blessing to himself and his fellow-creatures, but a cruel fate had ordained it otherwise, and he bowed down to its decrees.

The stranger then commenced the narration of his life in the following words. (To be continued.)

#### OF THE LATE MR. MALLET.

Among words which, in their present acceptation, are far remote from their original and rigid meaning, none perhaps are more striking than Deism and Freethinking. The former, which, in its strict import, signifies nothing more than a belief in the existence of the Deity, in opposition to Atheism, is now universally understood of all persons who reject the Christian revelation; and the word Freethinking, which should convey the idea of a man of a liberal and ingenuous disposition, free from vulgar prejudices and unmanly bigotry, and investigating truth with virtuous views and a deep veneration of the Supreme Being, is now commonly appropriated to those persons who, from a love of singularity, and affectation of superior understanding, or innate malignity of mind, would combat truths the most universally received and revered in all ages and in all countries, and would dissolve those sacred ties by which society is united, and destroy those hopes of immortality which God has given, as incentives to virtue, and the best security of our happiness here and hereafter.

An anecdote of the late Mr. Mallet affords a remarkable instance of the truth of this observation, and cannot fail to convey some useful advice. This gentleman was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions wherever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house, who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions, would often, in the warmth of argument, say,—“Sir, we Deists.”

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the Free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at the table, being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate.—Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was sullen, and would answer no questions: but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said,—“I had heard you “so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and “that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery.”—“Well; but you rascal,” replied Mallet, “had you no fear of the gallows?”—“Sir” said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, “what is that to you, “if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed “my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?”

#### A FAIR PREFERENCE.

A grandee of Spain handing some refreshments to a circle of ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, and was rude enough to say in her hearing, “I should prefer the ring to the hand.”—“And I” said the lady (looking stedfastly at the glittering order suspended to the Don's neck) “should prefer the collar to the beast.”

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of Fortesque has sent his first number in such an unfinished state, that we are at a loss what to determine respecting it, until we receive some more numbers, sufficient to enable us to judge of the author's intention; at present we cannot perceive either the propriety or humour of stopping in the middle of a sentence.

But what shall we say to TYRO, who has imposed on us his address to *Sally's lips*, copied from a Magazine, as original? Convinced as he is that *we know him*, that we had reason to expect from him very different conduct—For tho' we are always thankful to those who take the trouble to copy and send us judicious selections, we must consider the attempt to impose them on us as original, trifling and puerile.

SINGULAR is received.



## TRANSLATION.

When friendship yields to stronger love  
Our *peace* on earth is ever fled ;  
When friendship yields to stronger love,  
Our joys are number'd with the dead.

Beware lest hapless passion move,  
Nor by soft sympathy be led ;  
When friendship yields to stronger love  
Our joys are number'd with the dead.

When love to sacred friendship yields,  
The *charm* of life is ever fled ;  
When love to sacred friendship yields,  
So dull ev'n life itself seems dead.

Esteem in vain and honours bed  
The hero urge to glory's fields ;  
The *charm* of life is ever fled,  
When love to sacred friendship yields.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO A PORTER.

You, to whose care I've now consign'd  
My house's entrance, caution use,  
While you discharge your trust ; and mind  
Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here—  
Passions the raging breast that storm—  
Nor scornful Pride, nor servile Fear,  
Nor Hate, nor Envy's pallid form.

Should Av'rice call, you'll let her know,  
Of heap'd up riches I've no store :  
And that she has no right to go  
Where Plutus has not been before.

Lo ! on a visit hither bent,  
High plum'd Ambition stalks about ;  
But should he enter---sweet Content  
Will give me warning---shut him out.

Perhaps the Muse may pass this way---  
And tho' full oft I've bent the knee,  
And long invok'd her magic sway,  
Smit with the love of harmony :

Alone tho' she might please ; yet still  
I know she'll with Ambition come ;  
With lust of fame my heart she'll fill ;  
She'll break my rest---I'm not at home.

There is a rascal, old and hideous,  
Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)  
Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,  
In hopes he might admittance gain---

His name is Care---if he should call,  
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him ;  
And tell the miscreant, once for all,  
I know him not---I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then, Bacchus, foe to Care,  
May think he'll sure my favour win---  
His promises of joy are fair,  
But false---You must not let him in.

But welcome that sweet power, on whom  
The young Desires attendant move :  
Still flush'd with beauty's vernal bloom.  
Parent of bliss, the Queen of Love...

O ! you will know her ! She has stole  
The lustre of my Delia's eye...  
Admit her---hail her---for my soul  
Breathes double life when she is nigh.

If then stern Wisdom, at my gate  
Should knock, with all her formal train,  
Tell her I'm busy...She may wait ;  
Or, if she chooses...call again.

## THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

A Patient in Bedlam, that did pretty well,  
Was permitted some times to go out of his Cell :  
One day when they gave him that freedom, he 'spied  
A beauish young spark with a sword by his side,  
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,  
That swung at due length from his hip to his heel.  
When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,  
The Bedlamite ran and survey'd him all round ;  
While a Waiter suppress the young Captain's alarm,  
With..." You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm."  
At last he broke out..." Aye, a very fine show ;  
" May I ask you one question ?" " What's that ?" said the  
Beau.

" Pray, what's that long dangling and cumbersome thing,  
" That you seem to be tied to with ribbon and string ?  
" Why, that is my sword sir,"..." And what's it to do ?  
" Kill my enemies, master, by running them through ;  
" Kill your enemies !...Kill a fool's head of your own,  
" They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone."

## EPIGRAM.

To heal the wound a Bee had made  
Upon my DELIA's face,  
Its honey to the part she laid,  
And bade me kiss the place ;  
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound  
Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;  
The honey on my lips I found,  
The sting within my heart.

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